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The Original comic song book

London

[18--]

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Note : "Compiled from Laben, Ramsay, Hardwick, &c., and all the popular song writers of the day, consisting of Character, Medley, Dialogue, and other first-rate effusions, never before published."
Note : "Weekly Numbers"
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THE

ORIGINAL

COMIC SONG BOOK.

Compiled from Laben, Ramsay, Hardwick, &c., and all the popular song writers of the day, consisting of Character, Medley, Dialogue, and other first-rate effusions, never before published.

WIDOW COOK,

Where shall we mizzle to now? Billy Barlow's Ee ction.
Our Indian naval brigade. *The man in the sun.*
Waiter, bring a Flagon. The Man in blue
The flaw in Big Ben. The Massacre of India.
Where the Bee sucks. Dancing Medley.
1857, *by Hardwick.* *I wish I was the Queen, John.*
Connundrum Song, by Hardwick. The Curfue, a Glee.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

LONDON: PATTIE, 31, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Weekly Numbers. **One Penny.**

PATTIE's New Christmas Warbler. George Forde's New Collection of Songs. A New Irish Song Book, with about 20 sorts of Co... Hardwick's Fifth Collecti... ... price 6d.

Our Indian Naval Brigade.

Sung by Mr. Adams. Written by Ramsay.

Air—"*Ben Block was a vet'ran.*"

You've heard of these lubberly *quisy* Sepoys,
What they've done on the Indian shore,
How they've butchered the women and poor little babes,
But d—' em they'll do so no more,
For the brave Captain Peel and his naval brigade,
Will bring these black blood-hounds to [scrutiny,
And well tar them out for their cowardly game,
And pay them the wages of mutiny.

Let them look out for squalls if they once heave in sight,
We'll show them that fighting's our trade,
Then rowse out three cheers for the brave Captain Peel,
And the lads of the naval brigade,

When we think of our sweethearts and friends left at home,
Our poor little babies and wives,
Why how should we feel if some pirates bore down,
And took their dear innocent lives?
Why shiver my timbers, my eyes spring a leak,
Tho' a sailor and rough knot by trade,
Only let these black murdering swobs of Sepoys
Look out for the naval brigade,

We'll show them no quarter by land or afloat,
We'll pay them for this murdering job,
We'll yard arm the swabs, like a regiment of dogs,
Or take care to scuttle their nobs,
What with the brave Colin Campbell, and lads of his sort,
We'll tar them out for the past,
And as to Hindoo and all such likestuff,
By jingo they all shall loose cast.

Chorus.

The Man in the Sun.

ANSWER TO

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Written by Mr. Ramsay.

Air—"*Things I don't like to see.*"

Of the man in the moon no doubt you have heard, [word,
Of the man in the sun I shall now say a
Tho' the man in the moon may be full of his fun, [sun.
Now list to the larks of the man in the
If the man *in the moon's* a light character, see, [he,
The man in the sun is far lighter than
And bright as he is I will prove to you soon
I'll take the shine out of the man in moon.
As to his sky parlour, why that's all my eye, [sky,
Can he live like the man in the sun in the
As for calling the planets his sisters and brothers, [others.
It's all gammon like him looking down upon
The man in the moon's always sitting on thorns, [the horns,
You may know what he is by his wearing
He sneaks out like the owl to skylark at night, [day-light.
Now I play my gambols in th' broad of

Now the man in the moon he can talk very loud, [cloud,
How with surly old Boreas he blows a stiff
But what's that to the glory, the joy, and the fun, [the sun.
Of blowing my weed with the man in
Can he like the man in the sun make a boast, [toast,
Can he like the man in the sun make a
To such jolly friends and such faithful pals, [galls.
Let him talk of Venus, what's she to our

The man in the moon governs *waters* they say, [way,
And oft takes a draught in his *mild milky*
But the man in the sun calls such humbug a bilk, [*rum with milk.*
For he makes *grog with water*, and takes
This man in the moon only makes a pretence, [sense,
When he presumes to affect common
He's a lunatic truly as ever was spun,
Who a lunar can take at the man in the sun.

He's a regular stop-gap, a but and a spoon,
How often you hear of folks shooting the moon,
With the other it differs as sure as a gun,
Did you e'er hear of any one shooting the sun?
The man in the moon's a teetotaler that's clear, [his beer,
While the man in the sun he is fond of
While I'm brisk and mellow, and full of my fun, [the sun?
Did you e'er see the man in the moon in

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Dancing Medley.

Sung by Miss Kate Clark. Written by Ramsay

Air—" *Mal Brooke.*"

In Calis strait from Dover,
In a steamer I tripp'd over,
To be a dancing rover.
I studi'd *steps* in France,
They're always blith and gay,
Such grace they there display,
Quadrille and promenade—so,
Couppé and galloparde—so
And thus improv'd in dance, so.

A few steps in the French stile.

Air—" *The Cracovian.*"

And I've among the Russians been,
And learnt the noisy cracovian,
Led off in the joyous scene.
And thus I've trampt it through.

A portion of the Russian Dance.

Air—" *Morris Dancers.*"

Through every country I have been,
To study grace in dancing,
Copying every step I've seen,
And thus myself advancing.
Whether at the court or camp,
At festive rights or tillage,
Through vari'd measures thus I'd scamp,
In ball room or in village.

Dance of all Nations.

1857.

New Version. Hardwick.

Here goes, for some observations,
Upon the times and revelations,
Occurring, in the first of nations—
In 1857.

What precious rummy times we live in,
To foreign princes doweries giving,
While John Bull can hardly get a living—
In 1857.

Chorus.

Tho' little but Stagnation's stirring,
I'll speak of things that are occurring,
In this age of swindling, 'called transferring'
In 1857.

The weather hot, it set us quaking,
To light a fire, more pains were taking,
On the housetops people did their baking—
In 1857.

Outside the window bread was toasted,
At the door a leg of mutton roasted,
And melted away, fat even a toast did—
In 1857.

Up we were all to be frizzled
By the comet, and all girls grizzled,
And numbers to the North Pole mizzled—
In 1857.

Everywhere they did inform you
'Twas coming, and with lies did storm you,
The cry was—" Look out, wo'nt it warm you !" In 1857.

The Emperor Nap., I am surmising,
Will be sulky, if his bed he dies in,
For in Paris, perhaps, there'll be a rising—
In 1857.

When French insurgents begin to bellow,
Napoleon will turn blue and yellow,
So I fancy he's *an*(h)*appy* fellow—
This 1857.

At Pickford's what a precious flare up,
It made the animals kick and rare up;
But well in the world that company they're up— In 1857.

That dire tremendous conflagration,
It put old buffers in consternation,
They thought 'twas the comet, to fry the nation— In 1857.

Italians are bidding Bomba defiance,
At last, they're waking up like lions,
They'll *search* him, with *Italian Irons*—
In 1857.

Through the mutiny in " Ingy,"
And the Chinese pigtail shindy,
Our political prospects look quite dingy—
In 1857.

Thanks to the police inspectors,
They grabbed the British Bank directors;
May they stop in hand until they're spectres— In 1857.

They lunched on luxuries, robbing cruel,
The widow and orphan of food and fuel;
Let them have two years on Millbank gruel— Till 1859.

The Queen she gave the order of merit
To men who sho'd their pluck and spirit;
Won in '55, when they got it to wear it—
Was 1857.

'Twas a grand display of foot and horse,
But Prince Albert he seemed at a loss,
And said he did'nt like his *Victoria cross*—
In 1857.

Widow Cook.

Character Dialogue Comic Song. Sung by the ORIGINAL, *Mr. George Ford, 200 successive nights, at the Dr. Johnson, and Hungerford Music Hall.*

Air—"*Mistletoe Bough.*"

Kind friends, I'm a "widdy," as all on you see, [pathy,
And I'm going to appeal to your kind sym-
While I tell you the virtues so good—with a hook!— [Mr. Cook.
What belonged to my husband, the late
'Twas at "Grinnidge," one Easter, a light-hearted thing,
I was, and he won me "kiss-in-the-ring;"
And down one-tree hill" as together we hied,
And to take a nice tea, the dear, sweet fellow cried—
"Oh, where shall we mizzle to, now?
Where shall we mizzle to now?"

Spoken. And so we mizzled into a nice, quiet little back garden, where it was wrote up "Tea ninepence *per* each." But lor bless your souls, it was disgraceful tea indeed. As I stand here, a living woman, it was tea bewitched, and water bedeviled. In fact, it was ten times worse than "husband's tea," and you all know that's bad enough. Howsomedever, with a plate of shrimps, two quarts of winkles, a dozen eggs, three cottage loaves, four pats of butter, and a pound and a half of cold round, I managed to make *a snack*. And the attentions of Mr. C. were so *swoet*, that I did'nt mind the sugar. Heigho! I think I see him now, as he cried

Chorus.

We walked through the fair, when the rain in it set, [from wet,
And he offered his gingham, to shield me
As I "tripped" thro' the mud, he at my ankles did look, [Cook.
He was a himperant fellow, was poor Mr.
We got in a bower, where no one could see,
Then he squeezed my hand, and pro-pos-ed to me;
Says he, "quite a beautiful wenus you look,'
He'd lots of perception had poor Mr. Cook.

Oh, where has he mizzled to now—
Up, or *down*, has he mizzled to now?

Spoken. Yes, I *will* say that for him, with all his faults, he *could* see beauty, when it was close to him. And tho' I say it, as should'nt say it, I was very good-looking then, and might have had a lord, if I'd have liked. Well, well, what is to be, will be, and Cook won my virgin-trusting heart, married me, and proved to be the right man in the right place.

Oh, where has he mizzled to, now—
Where has he mizzled to, now?

We got spliced very soon, and a lovlier pair
All the people declared they'd not seen anywhere; [had seen,
They vowed two such models they never
He was so much like Albert, and *I* like the Queen. [floor
We'd a nice little house, and we let our first
To a single man lodger, who did me adore,
Cook was fond of our children, but, tho' strange it may seem,
Not one of the thirteen a bit was like him.

Spoken. As if I could help that; I'm sure I tried hard enough to make him believe they were the very spit of him. And was'nt our dear little first-born marked with shrimps! *Then* he was'nt satisfied, but used to go on quite scandalous, because our nice young man lodger used to buy the dear children toys, and take them out in perambulators—

Then to the tavern he'd mizzle, I vow—
To the tavern he'd mizzle, I vow.

I'm sure he'd no cause to find fault with his wife, [life,
Tho' he said that I led him a cat-and-dog
And he'd stay in the public-house parlour, for spite, [each night,
Because I went to the play with our lodger,
If I *did* take a drop, now and then, what of *that?* [her fat,
A woman wants something to keep down
When he came home, and no dinner was ready, he'd look [Cook—
Quite savage, and cry, would the bad Mr.
Oh, where shall I mizzle to, now?
To the cookshop I'll mizzle to now.

Spoken. And, after showing off his airs, go and spend about two shillings in a cookshop, for their nasty, stinking, dried-up, soddened victuals. As if he couldn't wait till I came to, from my "high-strikes," and got him some nice wholesome sausages, or a bit of bread and cheese. But no, he must get into his tantrums, and excite my poor weak nerves, by bawling out—

Oh, where shall I mizzle to, now?
The cookshop I'll mizzle to, now.

At last Mr. Cook he departed this life,
And left his disconsolate heart-broken wife,
To weep burning tears, what is hardly yet dry,
And a large little numerous small family.
Mind, not for the world would I have you suppose [knows,
I'd marry again; but oh, lor! goodness
I've a very hard trial, and don't think I'd refuse,
To try, once more, the matrimonial nooze.

Spoken. Ah—well—yes—if only for the sake of poor Mr. Cook's family, I think I should be tempted to marry again. Not that I'm in a hurry—oh, dear no—but I might be cut off, in the prime of life, like a blighted flower; for tho' I've been a mother thirteen times, I'm blooming still, and not tired of matrimony yet. So if any rich bachelor, or widower, is not afraid of a widow—I've had lots of experience—will make me an offer, why—

Quick. To the altar we'll mizzle to now—
To the altar we'll mizzle off now.

Billy Barlow's Election.

Sung by Mr. Ceftom. Written by T. Ramsay.

Your servant, kind friends, I'm before you again [soon see that plain,
You will say "what's your game," you will
The reason I'm here is to meet your inspection, [election,
And return you my thanks for my late new
O! dear, raggedy O! a member of Parliament is Billy Barlow.

I went to the hustings and chucked out my say [day,
And all of them said I should sure gain the
And, so sirs, they stuck me on the top of the pole, [hole,
And in my behind they tore this ere great
O! dear, ragged O! a fine look-hole has young Billy Barlow.

But when I gets into the Parliament house,
I shall have a *new suit*, so I don't care a souse,
I'll be no ragged member the people to cheat, [seat,
For remember my *trowsers* will have a new
O! dear, raggedy O! the people's own member is Billy Barlow.

I'll get the shirts out of the members by scores, [o'doors,
And that blow'd income tax I will turn out
'Tis the first thing I'll do, sirs, as sure as I've said it, [that made it,
And the tax shall be paid by the fellows
O! dear, raggedy O! no, blow income tax for Billy Barlow.

Now a Prussian blue prince, as the newspapers say,
Is going to take our young princess away,
With seventy thousand pounds every year,
Now can't they find a husband that's good enough here,
O! dear, raggedy O! why don't they make her young Mrs. Barlow?

They say a disease has got into the meat,
And flesh is forbidden for people to eat,
But that need not cause many poor folks to fret, [they forget,
Being without meat so long that the taste
O! dear, raggedy O! they've no flesh already says Billy Barlow.

Now I mean every tax that we've got to reduce, [no use;
And put down such things that aint not of
Such as bishops and soggers that swagger away, [the most pay.
Them that don't do no work, tho' they gets
O! dear, raggedy O! no more *mice* than catch *cats*, says Billy Barlow.

Now the members who speak China too much [too much,
Saying Palmerston's cronies took a full cup
They are werry good friends to the pride of the land, [to stand.
They lost Parliament seats, so they've now
O! dear, raggedy O! sarve the growling cur right, says Billy Barlow.

Home, Sweet Home.

'Midst pleasures and palaces though we may roam [like home;
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there, [meet elsewhere.
Which, go through the world, you will not
Home, home, sweet home!
There is no place like home,
There is no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain [again;
Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call— [than all.
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer
Home, home, &c.

The Man in Blue

New parody on

"Mother, be proud of your boy in blue."

Sung by Messrs, Julian and Gibbs.

Hand up—hand up, my Sarah dear,
Oh, hand up summut to eat;
Do you think that I ain't hungry here,
A-crawling along this beat?
Let sauce and meat come with the bread—
I don't mind if it's stale,
Look up a fowl, or half a calve's head,
And don't you forget the ale.
We're a very ravenous hungry crew—
But Sarah, be proud of your "Bobby" Blue.

Oh, wonder not, that next to thee
I worships cold giblet pie;
The first or second course will suit me,
And cut us out his "pope's eye."
I've been on duty since half-past four,
And I can't much longer stand—
A hungry belly, and craving man—
So shove it up in your hand.
I'll meet you when your "quarter's" due,
So Sarah, be proud of your "Bobby" Blue.

And if the inspector round should trip,
While I'm in the area down,
Why, in the coal-cellar let me slip,
And he'll be done up brown.
But—quick—the grub—methinks I heard
A voice in the 'tother street—
So I'll be off—just like a bird,
Now I've the bread and meat.
Lord love you, Sarah, when I've done you,
You'll look in vain for your "Bobby" Blue,
When you've got your wages, every screw,
You'll look in vain for your "Bobby" Blue.

Waiter, bring a flagon

New Parody on

"Waiting for the waggon."

Will you bring to me, your Bill, here, that
pot of malt for me?
'Cause I've come down to Rosherville, to
have a jolly spree;
It's every "Saint Monday," you must know,
it is my pride, [down to ride,
To get a mouthful of fresh air, by steamer,
Waiter, bring a flagon—waiter, fill the
flagon— too beside.
Waiter, bring a flagon, and 'bacca
Where the dead dogs float the river down,
what smell so precious sweet,
I like to soak my clay, and have a blow
out to eat;
I told a rummy story this morn, when I did
start, [her silly heart,
And my old girl she believed it—oh, bless
Chorus.

Do you believe, my Billy, that work is good
for health? [days for wealth?
Can it make a fellow happy, starving all his
My spousy's got a mangle, a nurse child,
and I vow, [booze at the "Plough."
That she may do the mangling, while I
Chorus.

My nose is all carbuncles, my eyes squint
up the street, [ing brandy neat;
Two ways at once, for Sunday, thro' drink-
I'm hunted up by creditors, and Tallymeu
beside, [mean to ride.
But never mind, in steamers, down here I
Chorus.

While travelling on life's journey, I mean
to have a drop, [I will stop,
And, while I've any "sugar," I'm blowed if
Then lush with me, my Billy, and d—n the
world outside, day," for a ride.
I'll jump aboard the steamer, "St. Mon-
Chorus.

The Jackets of Blue.

Sung by
Miss E. Webber and Mr. W. Durian.

Air—*"Red, white, and blue."*

Old Albion relies on her navy
The tyrants of earth to subdue;
And they'd fight till they sink to old Davy,
Her brave-hearted jackets of blue.
For the conquering tars ne'er knock under,
Each bold—lion-hearted—gallant crew,
Strike the foe with dismay, when they
thunder—
Three cheers for the jackets of blue.

Then hurrah for the jackets of blue!
To love and old Albion true;
Old England reigns queen of the ocean,
With her navy and jackets of blue.

Jack spends all his prize-money jolly,
And cares not for spending his gold;
He hates all such miserly folly,
Benumbing the heart, hard and cold.
Should a messmate, with no ship, to join her,
Or a mate—waterlogged—heave in view,

Then Jack will shell out his last skiver,
Like a generous jacket of blue.
Chorus.
Britannia may now bid defiance
To all the bear swabs in the world,
With the noble, and glorious alliance,
The French flag, with Britains' unfurled.
Never more foes, to grapple each other,
But friends, o'er a can, fast and true;
Each nation's Jack Tar now a brother,
And both gallant jackets of blue.
Chorus.

The Massacre of India

A new and popular song now singing with great applause at the London conserts.

Written by Thomas Ramsay.
Air—"*The spirit of the storm.*"

Recitative.

On India's plains, stained with grim treason's gore,
Carnage and rapine rend the affrighted shore,
Discord and havock fire and sword in hand,
Break down all rule and desolate the land.

Air—*The Storm.*

To arms, to arms, avenge the fall
Of victims whom by treason slain,
Let slip the war dogs on the band,
Spread havock on the blood-stained plain.
Think how with ruthless fiendish yell,
Like madened furies on they rush'd,
How helpless babes and mothers fell,
Virtue and beauty how was crush'd.

To arms, to arms at honours call,
Let ruthless vengeance on the monsters fall.

The shades of outrag'd beauty pleads,
The smoking ruins of your homes,
Cries vengeance on such monstrous deeds,
E'n pity's self with anger foams.
Let not false mercy stay the sword,
Spare not, annihilate, deface;
Revenge and slaughter be the word—
Extinguish the base murderous race.
To arms, to arms, &c.

Where the Bee Sucks

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I crouch when owls do cry;
On a bat's back do I fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, Merrily. shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The flaw in Big Ben

Written by Ramsay. Sung by Adams.
Air—"*Derry Down.*"

The famous big Ben, the great monster bell,
It would seem that poor Ben had rung out his last knell,
Bne was an E flat in a natural key—
But you'll find in state bells there are more flats than E. Down, Derry down,

Ben was rated a wonder by great and by small, [jamin Hall,
And nick-named "Big Ben" from Sir Ben-
Was *crack'd* up as a stunner, a regular non-such, [too much.
And by *cracking* up Ben gave him one crack
Down, Derry down.

We may see by Ben's fate, how state flaws come, alas! [tional brass,
And the manner in which they melt na-
How they ring the state changes, this circumstance tells, [his bells.
Why they ring John Bull's pockets, as well

All the ministers are at a metalsome pass,
And if they lack nouse, they have plenty of brass;
Some want *melting down*, while some should be sack'd, [them's *crack'd*.
For we hear by their *clappers* that most of

They all want well hanging we all of us feel; [*Peel;*
What discord is rung—when we hear a *Bob*
Some music at times from Lord Palmerston floats, [jarring notes.
Till the others chime in with their crack'd

Lord Canning, the Great Bell of India, is found, [was sound,
To 've been crack'd some time, if he ever
Like a death-knell all harmony his tone destroys [Sepoys,
For the murder of friends, by his darling

While the brave Colin Campbell, and Havelock's arms, [alarms,
Are the Bells of sound metal to ring war's
With Williams and others supporting the cause, [without flaws
You may hear by their fire, they are all

In ringing *big Ben* they've been rather too fast, [*cast*,
Like Canning's Sepoys, big Ben has *lost*
They may re-cast big Ben, with his own *brass* he'll pay, [away.
The other crack'd bells may be all cast

Connundrum Song.

Air—"*Cork Leg.*" *Hardwick.*

A few connundrums I will ask,
Your knowledge boxes just to task,
And if they're not good, never mind,
Some better ones yourselves must find.
Ri-too-roo-loo-ro &c.

Why's a toper like a candle bad?
It's not because he's a *wick*-ed lad,
But because he *gutters down*—the sot—
And *goes out at night*, when he should not.
Chorus.

Now, when is a pugilist, who spars,
Like a dealer in snuff and cigars?
Well, I'll tell—a fighting prize-ring whacker
Is like one, when he *sells his backer* (bacca).

Why's a broker's man a jolly chap,
In spite of any dire mishap?
Pray tell me this one, if you can, (you can't?)
Well, because he's a *come-for-table* man.

When a man is ill, and health does gain,
By a trip upon the watery main,
Why's he like a thief, in prison immured,
Why, you see, because he is *sea-cured.*
(secured).

Why did Albert say he did'nt care
To have the order of valour to wear?
Why, to the prince it was no loss,
Because he's got a *Victoria cross.*

A waterman must be, in truth,
A regular "double-sighted youth,"
And if with one head he does make mulls,
He's always got two other *sculls.*

I wish I was the Queen, John

Lady's Ballad. Sung by Miss Leslie.

Air—"*Lucy Neal.*" *Hardwick.*

If I was the queen, John, how happy I
should be, (knave should go free,
No poor man, then, should starve, John, no
I'd make all my people, John, as happy as I,
And to rule the land with justice, I'm sure
I would try.
Chorus.
The queen, John, the queen, I wish I was
the queen, (if I was the queen.
And you, my own, should share my throne,
I would'nt sigh for gold, John, nor jewels
rich and rare, (bind in my hair
But a sweet young mossy rose, John, I'd
And I'd try, John, to dry, John, all tears
as they fell — me as well.
All I'd love, and then all, John, would love
Chorus.

I fear, if you were queen, love, it would not
be long, (go wrong.
Before church and state, love, would surely
Do you think, John, I'd shrink, John, at
high villainy? (gartered knee.
No titled rogue should lord it, tho' he'd a

Oh, if you were the queen, love, with
knights at your knee,
Some lord would win your heart, love,
then good bye to *me,*
Oh, no, John, I trow, John, my heart's not
my own, (share in my throne,
For you should be the king, John, and

Well, if you were the queen, love, come,
what would you do?
Would you give food and labour to good
men and true?
Oh, yes, John, I'd bless, John, the poor in
the land, (hand
And find honest toil, John, for each willing

Did you but know the cares, love, that fall
on the Crown, (gladly lie down.
All its splendour and state, love, you'd
Well, I fear, John, it's clear, John, and true,
what you mean, (the queen.
So I'll think myself happy, John, I am not
Chorus.

The Curfew.

Gtee.

Hark, the curfew's solemn sound,
Silent darkness spreads around;
Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told:
The poring monk and his book must part.
And fearful the miser locks his gold.
Now whilst labour sleeps, and charmed
sorrow.
O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worm's light,
Unheard, unseen,
Dance the cloves of night;
Yet where their midnight prances have
been,
The circled turf betray to-morrow.